

The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.
2. You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:

For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
 Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
 As the vnfallied Lilly, I protest,
 A world of torments though I should endure,
 I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
 So much I hate a breaking cause to be
 Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.

Kin. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
 Vnseene, vnvisited, much to our shame.

Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
 We haue had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
 A messe of Russians left vs but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Russians?

Qu. I in truth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:

My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)

In curtesie giues vnderstanding praise.

We foure indeed confronted were with foure

In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,

And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)

They did not blesse vs with one happy word.

I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,

When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.

Qu. This isle is drie to me. Gentle sweete,

Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greete

With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:

By light we loose light; your capacitie

Is of that nature, that to your huge floore,

Wife things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Ros. This proues you wife and rich: for in my eie

Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.

Ros. All the foole mine.

Ber. I cannot giue you lesse.

Ros. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,

That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

Kin. We are discied,

They'l mocke vs now downeright.

Qu. Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest.

Qu. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes

fade?

Ros. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l found: why looke

you pale?

Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie.

Ber. Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury.

Can any face of brasse hold longer out?

Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,

Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.

Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.

Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:

And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,

Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.

O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.

Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,

Taffara phrases, filken tearmes precise,

Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
 Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
 I do forswear them, and I heere protest,
 By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
 Henceforth my woiuing minde shall be exprest
 In russet yeas, and honest kerfies poes.

And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,

My loue to thee is found, sans cracke or flaw.

Rosa. Sans, sans, I pray you.

Ber. Yet I haue a tricke

Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.

Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs seee,

Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on those three,

They are infected, in their hearts it lies:

They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

These Lords are visited, you are not free:

For the Lords tokens on you do I seee.

Qu. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.

Ber. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Ber. Speake for your felices, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude trans-

gression, some faire excuse.

Qu. The fairest is confession.

Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Qu. And were you well aduis'd?

Kin. I was faire Madam.

Qu. When you then were heere,

What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

King. That more then all the world I did respect her.

Qu. When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect

her.

King. Vpon mine Honor no.

Qu. Peace, peace, forbear:

your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline,*

What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare

As precious eye-sight, and did value me

Above this World: adding thereto moreover,

That he would Wed me, or else die my Louer.

Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord

Most honorably doth vphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame?

By my life, my troth,

I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.

Ros. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,

you gaue me this: But take it fir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princess I did giue,

I knew her by this Jewell on her sleeue.

Qu. Pardon me fir, this Jewell did she wear,

And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.

What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,

Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, som Dick

That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick

To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;

Told

Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
 The Ladies did change Favours; and then we
 Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of the.

Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,

We are againe forsworne in will and error.

Much vpon this tis: and might not you

Forefall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?

Do not you know my Ladies foot by th' squier?

And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?

And stand betweene her backe fir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?

You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.

Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.

You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie

Wounds like a Leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this braue manager, this car-

riere bene run.

Ber. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.

Clow. O Lord fir, they would kno,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clow. No fir, but it is vana sine,

For euerie one pursents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Clow. Not so fir, vnder correction fir, I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg vs fir, I can assure you fir, we know what

we know: I hope fir three times thrice fir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Clow. Vnder correction fir, wee know where-vntill it

doth amount.

Ber. By Ioue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord fir, it were pittie you should get your

living by reckning fir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clow. O Lord fir, the parties themselves, the actors fir

will shew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne

part, I am (as they say, but to persect one man in one

poore man) *Pompon* the great fir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey*

the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of

the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare.

Clow. We will turne it finely off fir, we wil take some

care.

King. *Berowne*, they will shame vs:

Let them not approach.

Ber. We are shame-prooue my Lord: and 'tis some

politic, to haue one shew worse then the Kings and his

companie.

Kin. I say they shall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how

Where Zeale striues to content, and the contents

Dis in the Zeale of that which it presents:

Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth;

When great things labouring perish in their birth;

Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annoted, I implore so much expence of thy

royall sweet breath,

Qu. Doth this ma

Ber. Why aske yo

Qu. He speak's no

Brag. That's all on

For I protest, the Scho

Too too vaine, too too

(lay) to *Fortuna delagna*

most royall cuppleme

King. Here is like to

He preents *Hector* of

the Parish Curate *Alc*

the Pedant *Indas Mac*

thies in their first shew

habites, and present th

Ber. There is fue

Kin. You are decee

Ber. The Pedant, t

foole, and th

Abate throw at Novu

Cannot pricke out flu

Kin. The ship is vn

Clow. I *Pompey* am.

Ber. You lie, you

Clow. I *Pompey* am.

Boy. With Libba

Ber. Well said ol

I must needs be frien

Clow. I *Pompey* am,

Du. The great.

Clow. It is great fir:

That oft in field, with

did make my fo

And traualing along

And lay my Armes be

France.

If your Ladship wo

La. Great thanke

Clow. Tis not so m

fect. I made a little

Ber. My hat to a

best Worthie.

Enter C

Curat. When in th

mander:

By East, West, North

My Scutcheon plaine

Boiet. Your nose

For it stands too rig

Ber. Your nose

ling Knight.

Qu. The Conqu

Procede good *Alc*

Cur. When in the

mander.

Boiet. Most true,

Ber. *Pompey* th

Clow. your seru

Ber. Take away

Clow. O fir, you h

queror: you will be